

SEYMORE DAILY REPUBLICAN.

VOLUME XXVIII NO. 299

SEYMORE, INDIANA, WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 24, 1909.

PRICE TWO CENTS

DO NOT FAIL TO VOTE SOON AND HELP YOUR FAVORITE

By so Doing Your Favorite Church, Lodge or School Will Be Enabled to Secure One of the Prize Pianos. Great Enthusiasm Displayed in all Sections of the County. Over 100,000 Votes Have Been Cast in the Republican's Piano Contest.

A HOUSE TO HOUSE CANVASS COUNTS

Do Not Listen To Stories. Look After Your Own Canvass.
Liberal Credit Offer Explained. Every Candidate Will be Rewarded. First Prize Piano Displayed at Andrews-Schwenk Drug Co. Music Program Saturday Afternoon.

STANDING OF CANDIDATES.

	TUESDAY, NOV. 23, 8 P.M.	VOTES
Cortland Public Schools		13257
Jackson Township Consolidated Schools		11554
Crothersville Presbyterian Church		11487
Shields High School, Seymour		11467
Medora Church of Christ		9010
Brownstown Public School		7624
Vallonia Public Schools		7123
Seymour Christian Church		6567
German Methodist Epworth League, Seymour		5241
Reddington Lodge Knights of Pythias		4500
Freetown Public Schools		4275
Surprise Methodist Church		3120
German Evangelical Lutheran School, Seymour		2325
Order of Eastern Star, Seymour		2136
Kurtz Methodist Church		1500
Tampico Baptist Church		985
Clear Spring Baptist Church		745
Houston Christian Church		685

Cortland Public School take the lead in the contest today. A remarkable feature about the standing is the closeness of the votes cast by the next three leaders. Were the pianos to be awarded today the three instruments would be awarded to the three candidates who rank first, second and third in the standing.

However, today's vote is no criterion as to who will win the pianos. A few five year weekly subscriptions or daily subscriptions for a year would erase the difference between the tenth candidate in the list and the first. The game of see-saw still continues and first place is a serious position to hold at this time. The next three weeks will determine the results of the contest. The candidate who works actively in the remaining time allotted has equally as good chance to win, even though they happen to be lower down the list of aspirants.

Most people will be surprised to learn that the total number of votes cast in the contest to date will exceed 100,000. Nearly everybody is interested in the standing and eagerly watch for each announcement. This is because they are interested and want their favorite to get one of the three fine pianos which the Republican will give away Saturday, December 18.

Bulletins.

Advance bulletins are being printed each Wednesday and Saturday morning. These bulletins will show the standing of each contestant after the votes are counted by the contest editor. They will be mailed to the leaders in each locality so as to inform the workers in advance of the paper. We desire the recipients to post them in a public place that the people can be kept informed about the progress of each contestant.

Subscription Ballots Count.

A few subscription ballots will work wonders in the position of some of the candidates lower down the list. These can only be secured by actual soliciting among the friends of your organization.

Votes are free; you can clip as many as you like from the paper. Each new

test already published.

A few days before the close each organization will appoint one or more persons to act as judges of the final and official count of the votes cast. The counting will begin as soon as the voting ceases. The result will be announced when the counting is over. No voting will be permitted after the judges commence to count the ballots.

Honor is Desirable.

The honor to be obtained is a great thing to consider. Much rivalry is already apparent among the leaders.

Every competing organization will be benefitted in more ways than one through participation in the contest. In some places the attendance at meetings has doubled because of the interest aroused. Anything that livens up and arouses enthusiasm in an assembly of people will build it up.

Be aggressive and show people that your church, lodge or school is alive. Get first honors in this election and secure a beautiful instrument free for your assembly room.

Address votes, etc., to
CONTEST EDITOR,
THE REPUBLICAN,
Seymour, Ind.

For bargains in suspenders, collars, ties, collar buttons, cuff buttons, handkerchiefs, men's socks, garters, improved suit hangers, umbrellas and other gent's furnishings go to A. Sciarra, the tailor, 14 E. Second St., Seymour. eod&w

Thanksgiving Post cards only 1c each. Look at our window. Van de Walle Music Co. n24d

This is the time when a compact and easily handled committee should get into its effective work and workers be assigned to each a section of territory. Get things arranged so that you can cover every foot of your available territory and send workers wherever they are likely to get votes. Go after votes that will be sure to please. No delivery after 10 o'clock Thursday morning. Phone 58. n24d

For home made bakery goods telephone Schmitt's bakery. Phone 132. Prompt delivery. dtf

A few choice fruit trees left over from Greening Nursery Company can be bought at bargain. H. P. Miller, Agent. n27d

Telephone 132, Schmitt's bakery. We deliver. dtf

Dr. Knapp, of Vincennes, will make his regular visit to Brownstown Saturday, Dec. 11. d10wfkw

Oysters at Shaefer's Bakery.

EAT turkey dinner at the New Lynn Grill from 12 to 12

The Chickering Bros. Piano.

The Progressive Music Co. has sold a very fine Chickering Bros. "Baby Grand" piano to Mrs. Anna Appel,

a present to her daughter, Florence.

The Chickering Bros. pianos are growing in favor with music loving people every day, despite the protest made against the Chickering Bros.

piano by other firms, which only goes

to prove the acknowledged merit of the

former, for it is a generally known

fact that the Chickering Bros. are the

only living Chickering's of today making pianos, a fact that cannot be disputed.

The Chickering Bros. are the

only living pupils of the Old Jonas

Chickering, who was considered one

of the greatest piano makers of his

day, and are bringing the art of piano

building into their own products.

While those bearing the name Chickering bought the right to use the name

on their makes of piano and are made

by people in no way connected with

the Chickering family, but are made

and controlled by a stock company, a

thing which they fail to publish.

The Progressive Music Company is

getting in a nice line of Chickering

Bros. pianos as well as other good

instruments for the holiday trade, any

of which would make an excellent

Christmas present. Give them a call

and learn prices.

SEYMORE DAILY REPUBLICAN

SMITH & KEMY, Publishers.

SEYMORE, INDIANA.

What is punker than a bad pumpkin pie?

Bad it is, but the census man has to include the knockers in the country's population.

We await with impatience the meeting of the aviator and the ill-tempered summer tornado.

It is now proposed that servant girls shall be taught Greek. "The grandeur that was grease," etc.

The average man thinks his bump of generosity is at least three times as large as it actually is.

But let us hope this Peary-Cook controversy will not become so acrimonious as to break up happy families.

The woman who refuses to permit a man to come upon her farm figures it out, of course, that none would come to work.

Dr. Wiley is getting into more trouble. He wants marriage licenses withheld from young women who do not know how to cook.

Any one of America's distinguished novelists could take Abruzzi's unfortunate love affair in hand and bring it to a happy conclusion.

Dr. Cook's popularity may be inferred from the fact that he has been asked to sell the use of his name to a manufacturer of chewing gum.

Nevada has an annual rainfall of eight inches. When a good sized shower visits the State, naturally the inhabitants think it's a cloudburst.

It is reported that a cross between a lemon and a cucumber has been developed. It would be interesting to know which was spoiled, the lemon or the cucumber.

A Kansas lover wrote this to his sweetheart: "I would rather listen to you chewing your gum than hear Caruso sing." To get the beauty of this sentiment play it on the piano.

Denial is now made of Methuselah's claim to longevity by people who do not believe that Cook reached the Pole. Jewish authorities now say that Methuselah did not reach the century mark.

President Taft opened a big irrigation tunnel in Colorado the other day; but he made no effort to deprive the engineer or the projectors of the enterprise of any credit. There was glory enough for all.

The famous "Latin Quarter" of Paris, in whose narrow streets and dingy tenements have thronged generations of penniless students and artists, is to be wrecked and rebuilt. Most of the property involved is already owned by the city, and one hundred and sixty million dollars are to be spent in tearing down the old houses, laying out broad new streets and putting up fine modern buildings. Ten years will be spent upon the work.

A thousand and one reasons may be given as to why bachelor men and bachelor maids have never married, but the one great reason of them all doubtless is that they didn't want to. Anybody can get married who wants to; there is no doubt about that. Not everybody can get precisely the partner that would be chosen under most favorable circumstances, to be sure, but there isn't any difficulty in securing a partner. The "can't find anybody" statement, therefore, is untrue and stupid. The fact is that men and women don't want "anybody."

Owners of yachts built abroad will be required, under the new tariff law, to pay an annual tax equal to seven dollars a gross ton, or, in place of the annual tax, a customs duty of thirty-five per cent of the value of the boat. The annual tax on several foreign-built yachts owned by American millionaires will exceed ten thousand dollars each. It will not be easy to arouse sympathy for these owners. Indeed, so much does it cost to maintain the private steamships of the very rich that the new tax will be but a comparatively small addition to the annual expenses.

Secretary Wilson has on various occasions expounded his theory that the increased cost of living is chiefly due to the scarcity of farm labor, the drift from country to city, and the increase of population at a greater rate than that of the increase of the food supply. Even those who hold that trusts and monopolies have a good deal to do with the upward tendency of prices admit that as to the products of the farm lack of labor and crudity of methods of raising crops are the principal factors. But in discussing such grave questions the officials of the Department of Agriculture should stick to prose—to facts, to figures, to probabilities. Such statements as these, for example—that "the folks in the East do not know what luxuries are; they must go West to find that out"; that "most of the laborers" eat meat three times a day and insist on having "the best cuts," because "they can afford

them"—belong to the domain of imagination and fiction. They should be left to rhapsodists and romancers. The American standard of living for farmer and laborer alike, is high. It is true, further, as has been pointed out many times by experts, that the average American family is extravagant and wasteful of food. But from these facts to talk of luxury in the home of "most laborers" and western farmers is a far cry. Millions of American housewives know something about the price of "best cuts" and other luxuries, and loose, exaggerated phrases from official sources have no effect on domestic budgets.

Never before was the whole civilized world so interested in a geographical achievement, and so excited over it, as when two intrepid explorers emerged from the arctic regions, during the first week in September, and each announced that he had raised the American flag at the north pole. Dr. Frederick A. Cook was the first to return with the astonishing intelligence that he had reached the goal. Only five days later Commander Robert E. Peary, who has devoted many years of his life to the quest, announced that he had "nailed the Stars and Stripes to the north pole." Scientific men are doubtless correct when they tell us that the discovery of the pole adds nothing of value to the sum of human knowledge. Yet the most learned among them surely felt the thrill which was experienced by the great multitude of men at the thought of the conquest of the whole globe by man. There is something that appeals to the imagination of the dullest in the spectacle of a man who has braved the hardships and perils of the frozen North, standing at the point where there is no east, no west, no north; where the polar star is directly in the zenith, although invisible in the perpetual daylight of April; where no man has ever stood before. But there are two men who declare that they stood there. Most unfortunately a great controversy has arisen as to the claim of one of them that he reached the pole. Commander Peary, by his experience, and by his frank confession of failure on several previous expeditions, has prepared the world to accept his assertion of success as beyond the possibility of question. Moreover, he was competent to make the observations which prove his assertion, and he brings the result with him. Doctor Cook is less known as an explorer, and there were those who doubted his success before Peary was heard from. On the other hand, a host of scientific men believe that he could not have been mistaken in believing that he reached the goal. He also declares that he brings his proof with him. The controversy is one for scientific men to settle. Meanwhile it is best, provisionally, to believe that both were successful. They were both Americans, and the glory of the achievement, whether it is Peary's alone, or whether he must share it with Dr. Cook, belongs to America.

IN RURAL BAVARIA.

Where Every Man Is Taught the Essentials of Up-to-Date Farming.

"In order to promote agricultural interest the kingdom of Bavaria has established agricultural schools in almost every town," says a prominent resident of Munich, Germany, who is visiting in this country.

These schools are in charge of teachers who in addition to an academic education must be versed in botany, geology, chemistry, physics, zoology and natural history. At a time when nothing is doing in the fields, from November to March, these schools are open, and the peasants for a nominal fee can attend courses on cultivation and fertilization of the soil, the proper rotation of crops on the same land, the best sources for good seeds, irrigation and the raising of stock. They are made acquainted with improvements and new inventions in agricultural implements, the adoption of which can be recommended. They are taught the rudiments of book-keeping and other commercial knowledge essential for the up-to-date farmer.

When the fish see the pail in which their food is kept they become greatly agitated and churn the water into froth with their leaping and rushing about the tank. When the keepers approach the tank there is no demonstration, but the moment the shiny tin pail is displayed the fish appear to be moved by strong emotion.

One big trout is a pet and is unusually fond of being caressed. When the keeper dips his hand slowly into the water the trout rises and rubs against the man's fingers, just as a cat rubs against the leg of the person it likes. When the keeper gently strokes the fish's stomach it stops waving its fins and is quiet. The fish is shy on facial expression and its eyes cannot indicate joy, but the attitude of the trout when petted appears to show pleasure.

The red snappers, which come from a depth of from seventy-five to 100 fathoms, are strange specimens. Down where the red snapper flourishes the water has a tremendous pressure. The red snapper is made by nature to withstand the enormous pressure, but there is a line above the fish beyond which it cannot pass. If it comes to the surface it dies quickly. The pressure from within is so great that it frequently happens that its air chamber explodes.

The wandering teacher helps to form co-operative clubs for the joint interests of a number of farmers in one district. From time to time the teacher has to lecture in these clubs on any subject which might prove of interest to the members. These visits and lectures to the different districts are entirely free to the people, since the state assumes all expenses. There is probably no other country in the world in which so much is done by the state for its rural inhabitants as is the case in Bavaria. Other German states have these agricultural schools, but their teachers are not sent in such a practical way direct to the places where they can do the most good, as is done in Bavaria. The results of this commendable care have been very gratifying."

SILENT.

"And," concluded Mrs. Peck, "I treated her with silent contempt."

"Silent contempt!" exclaimed Henry Peck. "Maria, do you expect me to believe that?"—*Houston Post*.

SEARCHING CHINA AND COREA FOR NEW PLANTS



Frank N. Meyer of the United States Department of Agriculture has returned to Washington, after an absence of three years, during which time he has traversed a goodly section of China and has gone through Corea into Manchuria and Siberia in search of plants, grains, fruits, etc., that might tend to enrich the farms of the United States. The United States has spent large sums of money searching unknown plants and cereals with which to improve American farms, and already some valuable varieties have been introduced. Japanese rice, which has materially aided a great industry in Texas and Louisiana, and Durum wheat being among the best examples. On the trip which he has just concluded, Mr. Meyer made a very extensive collection, from which it is hoped some valuable specimens will be developed. Such explorations, leading one into little known regions, are naturally accompanied by more or less adventure.

Mr. Meyer began his three years of travel in the East in 1905.

consul spent six weeks arguing with General Ochiai, who was in command. But it was fruitless talk. The general's final decision was that, since Manchuria was a dangerous country, and since Mr. Meyer was a citizen of the United States, a friendly power which had been of great assistance to Japan during the war, he could not allow Mr. Meyer to go into the country except along one or two main thoroughfares; for, if anything should happen, he would be responsible for the misfortune of an American citizen. He would, however, grant permission for travel into Corea if that was desired. It being the best that could be had, Mr. Meyer accepted this permission and went up to Mukden to fit out for the journey which ultimately brought him into those parts of Manchuria to which he wished to go; and he achieved this also without violating the permission granted by General Ochiai.

From Mukden to Liao-ying there was a road that permitted the use of Chinese carts; but when the party left there and turned southeast toward Antung on the Corean boundary at the Gulf of Pe-chi-hi, Mr. Meyer and his seven men were on foot and his baggage was packed on five small Manchurian ponies. In this manner he traveled 1,800 miles, for the most part through a wild and unknown mountain country to Vladivostok. His little company left Mukden early in June and arrived in Vladivostok early in September, having walked, on an average, twenty miles a day for ninety days.

In one district in the mountains the party could find no food and they had to live on boiled oats for fourteen days, which was a rather slim diet for men who were making twenty miles a day on foot in a rough country.

The people, however, though curious, were friendly, and on the whole trip through the mountains hundreds of miles from any person to whom he could appeal and among people who had never seen a white man. Mr. Meyer was never even threatened with personal violence.

PECULIAR FACTS ABOUT FISH.

Wisdom of the Inhabitants of the Fisheries' Building Tanks.

Capt. L. G. Harron, chief special agent for the bureau of fisheries exhibit at the Seattle Exposition, says that fish have a great deal of sagacity and are capable of being made household pets, the Seattle Post-Intelligencer says. An example of the wisdom of the fish, he says, is shown in the lake trout tank at the fisheries building.

When the fish see the pail in which their food is kept they become greatly agitated and churn the water into froth with their leaping and rushing about the tank. When the keepers approach the tank there is no demonstration, but the moment the shiny tin pail is displayed the fish appear to be moved by strong emotion.

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Foolish Questions and Caustic Reply.

"Well, well, got home from your vacation?"

"No. I'm still up in the Canadian woods, fishing in Georgian Bay and tracking deer on the north shore."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

GENTILITY.

Burleigh: Gentility is nothing but ancient riches.

To make a friend is to make a good investment, and to make an enemy is to make a bad one.

WE ARE WORTH SIXTY BILLIONS.



RELATIVE SIZE OF THE FORTUNES OF THE GREAT NATIONS.

1. Great Britain, £12,000,000,000. United States, £12,000,000,000. 3. Germany, £9,000,000,000. 4. France, £9,000,000,000. 5. Austria-Hungary, £4,800,000,000. 6. Russia, £3,200,000,000. 7. Italy, £2,400,000,000. 8. Spain (no figures available). 9. Turkey (no figures available). A French magazine has calculated the gross totals of the respective fortunes of the various nationalities. It is, of course, impossible to arrive at an exact figure. Our French contemporary claims that this computation is approximately accurate.—Illustrated London News.

EXPENSIVE BEEFSTEAK.

The red snappers are caught by hand lines and the specimens that are intended to be kept alive undergo a peculiar operation. The government fishermen upon bringing the red snapper to the surface prick the fish's air chamber with needle, which enables it to live in shallow water.

The big muskellunge, which feeds on small fish, is never tamed and never desires to get friendly with the keepers. The muskellunge usually lurks near the bottom of the tank, sulkingly waiting for the live minnows that are thrown in every evening.

There were ten pounds of the steak, which was shipped two hundred and fifty miles to Circle City.

When the owner of the precious bit of meat reached the camp the miners turned out in a body to see it. It was placed on exhibition and attracted as much attention as an elephant. Everybody wanted a piece of it, and the prices offered were such as would have resulted in a mining-camp quarrel if it had not been decided to raffle the steak off for the benefit of a hospital.

Establish for the miners at Circle City.

Bids were started at \$5 a pound and rose briskly to \$35. Finally, in order to avoid complications, it was decided to sell tickets at from 50 cents to \$2.50 for the privilege of drawing for a slice. After \$480 worth of tickets had been sold the drawing began, and to the relief of those in charge of the sale, no trouble resulted.

The Settlement.

"Well, they are divorced."

"Amicably, I trust."

"Yes, he got the custody of the dogs, and she got the rubber plant."—Washington Herald.

In this office there is a seven-day clock. Time flies so fast lately that we seem to do nothing but wind that

which Bishop Rowe was trying to wind that

MONEY FROM LITERATURE.

Many Authors Have Failed to Amass Wealth—Publisher's Big Fortunes.

The case of Stephen Phillips, the poet and playwright, who is in very straitened circumstances, has opened the question as to whether English writers can on the whole be called successful financially, a New York Sun's London letter says. Mr. Phillips has had many plays produced in England and America, yet he is now in actual poverty, which he attributes to the failure of his last two plays, "The Lost Heir" and "Faust," both of which were presented in London.

The very recent death of John Davison because he was tired of struggling to make a living from his poetry; the death of Francis Thompson, also without means; the case of Matthew Arnold, who, after all his years of successful work, left but \$5,000, and that of Charles Godfrey Leland, author of "Hans Breitmann's Ballads," whose estate was valued at about \$2,000, are instances cited, which are balanced by the case of Lord Tennyson, who left nearly \$300,000; of Swinburne, who left over \$100,000, and of Robert Browning, who left \$60,000.

As to authors of successful books many have amassed considerable fortunes. Henry Seton Merriman, Edna Lyall, John Oliver Hobbes, Mrs. Isabella Lucy Bishop and George Meredith all left estates of value; but Florence Marryat, Mary Kingsley and even Lewis Carroll left such small sums as \$7,395, \$17,055 and \$19,000.

Publishers in many cases left very

large fortunes, the chief among them being G. Smith, of Smith, Elder & Co., \$3,809,800; Thomas Nelson, of T. Nelson & Son, \$2,606,805; Alexander Macmillan, of Macmillan & Co., \$726,305; George Lock, of Ward, Lock & Co., \$595,050.

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MOTHER'S GUARDIAN.
I'm not a goin' to cry, so there!
I haven't shed a tear
Since I was just a little boy—
It must be most last year.

I ain't afraid—I'm brave as brave!
There's nothing in the dark!
I'll go alone right up the stairs
Without a whimper. Hark!

I thought I heard a funny noise!
I can't see anything!

It's awful dark for little boys—
I think I'd better sing.

"There is a happy land"—Oh, dear,
I guess I'm sickly, quite—
I'll just run back for dear mamma,

For she might have a fright.

—May Willow in the Washington Star.

QUEER BASE BALL GAME.

The Stringtown Kids had a swimming hole. During the summer—they went in swimming as regularly as they played base ball. Every town ought to have a river or a creek adjacent so "the kids" can "go swimming." "Taking a bath" is not to be compared to "going swimming." The average boy will grow wan and sissified with baths in summer, but thrive on "going in swimming" even in stagnant water, where mosquitoes pay respects to their bare backs.

Skinny Cowles developed into an expert diver; he could bring mud from the bottom every time, while Dumpy Richardson claimed he could tread water.

It was while the kids were disporting themselves in the old swimming hole that they had the adventure of the base ball game. Skinny and Clarence Scholes were sousing water over each other in a contest that was choking them both, when the boys were astonished to hear a loud voice from among the bushes on one side of the creek exclaim:

"That's only the fifty-ninth strike! Throw another."

Skinny and Clarence ceased their splashing and the boys listened breathlessly. In a moment there stepped from behind the bushes a man dressed in a dirty-white base ball suit, with a bat over his shoulder. Seeing the boys, he called cheerfully:

"Hi, there! Quit that foolishness and let's play ball!"

Nobody answered. "Who is the guy?" asked Clarence, in an undertone.

"Acts like a dippy feller who, broke out of the asylum yesterday," answered Skinny.

"Seems to be good-natured," Dumpy suggested.

The stranger on the bank regarded them patiently while they talked, and now sung out again: "Well, are you ready for the game?"

"Where's your team?" asked Clarence.

"Here."

"I don't see any one but yourself."

"I'll have my team when you get yours together."

"Come on, fellows, let's play him," urged Dumpy, wading out and beginning to dress. Boys do not like to "back out" from a challenge, and the crowd followed suit. Their skirts dragged on their dripping bodies, and in spite of all they could do sand and mud clung to their feet, but they did quicker work in donning their clothes than they were wont to do of mornings. Then they crossed the footlog to the bank on which the stranger stood. He had a bat and ball, but no team was visible. Dumpy asked the man, cautiously:

"Where's your team?"

"I'll play the whole bunch of you myself; but you must give me first at bat."

The boys laughed at this, and were quite willing to take their first "outs."

Finding some rocks, they quickly made bases and formed a diamond, and Skinny, giving his men their positions, took his place in the pitcher's box. At the home plate, the stranger waved his bat ludicrously, missing the first ball thrown by a wide margin.

The next ball he hit to right field and started round the bases. Dutch Duncan fielded the ball well and sent it to Clarence Schools, who played third base. Clarence caught it, and, awaiting the furious rush of the stranger, stepped aside and easily tagged the runner out. Instead of stopping, the fellow increased his pace till he reached the home plate, sliding in until a cloud of dust was raised. Then, calmly picking up the bat, he faced Skinny.

"But you are out," remonstrated Skinny.

"Our team is allowed three outs, isn't it?"

Skinny laughed and assented. He sent a straight, swift ball, which the stranger fouled. Dumpy, the catcher, ran under it and easily caught it.

"Two outs on us," muttered the stranger, and again faced the pitcher.

Skinny first sent an inshoot, which puzzled the batter, causing him to fan the air. A slow drop was equally deceptive, and an outdrop was the third strike and the third out.

"Now my team is 'in bats,'" yelled Skinny, and the boys advanced to the plate.

"Oh, not yet. I've got another strike coming," replied the lone batter.

"But there were three strikes on you," insisted Pete Clemmons.

"I get ninety-seven more strikes,"

declared the stranger, stoutly.

The boys laughed derisively. The batter waved his stick and grew red in the face.

"Ah, I know—you are trying to cheat me, I'll see about that."

He grabbed Dumpy with one arm and Skinny with the other, threw them to the ground, picked up the club and waved it threateningly over them. Before he cou'd strike the other boys rushed to the assistance of their chums and a free-for-all fight ensued. They had no doubt now that he was crazy. The lunatic possessed unusual strength, and soon he was sitting on four of the boys and striking at the others with his bat.

"Here comes an auto," cried Clarence Schools. "Maybe they will help us. Help Help!" he screamed.

The stranger got hold of Dumpy's throat and was choking him. Then a heavy hand was laid on his shoulder and he turned around to see a man in white uniform.

"Here, Hans, what are you doing?" said the newcomer.

"Oh, it's you, is it? I have been having a game with these fellows and they tried to cheat me."

"Cheated you, did they?"

"Yes. They only let me have three strikes to an out."

"Well, now, that's real mean. By the way, Hans, I've signed for a game for you with the Chicago Cubs. Will you go and play them a game?"

"Sure. Come on, let's hurry. Will they let us have a hundred strikes?"

"Certainly. Get in and we'll go immediately."

While they were cranking the machine for the return trip the keeper said to Skinny: "He thinks he's Hans Wagner, the great base ball player. I'm awfully glad you caught him for me. Here's a dollar. Buy the crowd something to eat. So long." And he jumped into the auto, which whizzed away.

"Gee, I'm glad they came when they did," said Dumpy, rubbing his neck. "I'd have been a dead one in two minutes. I'll never forget that game as long as I live." And the rest of the boys were of the same mind.—Washington Star.

HER PET SNAILS.

I have never seen a letter about snails, and so I thought I would write about them.

While in the country this summer I found a great many forest snails of all sizes in a pile of rocks, and I brought five of them home with me. Now they live in a large wooden box in which is a thick layer of dirt and moss. Two large flat stones, one on top of the other, help to make the "snailery" more like their natural home, and a saucer of water sunk in one corner completes it. Unlike canaries and goldfish, snails need very little attention, as all they require is an apple or some leaves of lettuce for food each day. Even if neglected for a few days, they will not get sick.

Snails glide about more in damp than in dry weather, so I occasionally wet the stones and dirt in their box. I like to watch my pets, as with their horns stretched out to their greatest length, they go in search of something to eat. A snail eats by scraping the food with his lip-like tongue. He accomplishes more than one would suppose in this way.

Many people do not like snails because of their sliminess, but I think that they are very interesting, as so much can be learned about them by close observation.—Emma Seipp, in the New York Tribune.

PROCESSION OF FAT ONES.

This is the time of year when many American women are suddenly lost to their friends, and are to be found wrestling with fat in Marienbad. The procession is now on, and it grows steadily year after year.

Women flock to the Marienbad springs from every country in Europe, but the American woman is in the majority of any nation. There are social leaders among us who are not as svelte as their pictures make them out. The photographing of society women, in any event, is a fraud that害s nobody. There are many ways of tricking the camera, as, for instance, the American women by these new rival explorers concerning their latest expeditions.

A. J. Quiller-Couch, the author of the recently published novel, "True Tilda," was a famous athlete during his college course at Oxford. He stroked the university crew. He is an enthusiastic yachtsman, but does most of his literary work on land.

He thinks out his stories in the course of long walks, and most of them are dictated to his wife. He is a slow and painstaking worker, rarely exceeding 1,000 words a day, and sometimes producing less than 150.

The announcement of a new novel by Winston Churchill is a literary event of importance. The new book as yet is without a title, but it will mark a distinct change in manner and material from those which have preceded it. Mr. Churchill's stories have been historical novels, although the latest of them, "Mr. Crewe's Career," is a historical novel of the present time. In his new work the author has quit the field of politics and has written more purely a love story than anything else that he has attempted.

Prepared for the Offerings.

A Kansas City druggist tells that a wealthy man came into his store Sunday morning and, throwing a dime on the showcase, said: "Give me two nickels for that, please?"

"Going to try a slot machine?" asked the druggist, pleasantly. "No," replied the wealthy man, "I'm going to church."

We used to take long walks, and sometimes we would get a ride home to the camp on a coal wagon or on the back of a carriage. The farmers were very nice; they often let us ride with them. It was fine to run around, climb trees with no one to chase you, I gained eight pounds. How nice it must be to live in the country all the time! I felt sorry to have to come back to the city.

"Now my team is 'in bats,'" yelled Skinny, and the boys advanced to the plate.

"Oh, not yet. I've got another strike coming," replied the lone batter.

"But there were three strikes on you," insisted Pete Clemmons.

"I get ninety-seven more strikes,"

WILL HAVE FLYING BICYCLE.

What Jules Bois Predicts for Civilization 100 Years Hence.

Jules Bois, a distinguished archaeologist, whose hypotheses in regard to ancient civilizations have been wonderfully borne out by archaeological discoveries, has attempted to forecast the changes likely to take place in Europe in 100 years' time, based solely upon hypotheses formulated on the state of society 100 years ago and demonstrated in the light of present-day conditions, some of which, of course, cannot be traced to the beginning of the nineteenth century.

In the first place, says a Paris letter to the New York Times, M. Bois predicts that all the great cities will be practically uninhabited except by visitors and for business purposes during the daytime. All classes will live in the country or garden cities at considerable distances from the towns, to which access will be cheap and extremely rapid owing to the enormous development of all methods of contrivance, from pneumatic railways to flying cars. The motor car will have gone completely out of fashion, but the bicycle, in a new form, will be once more in favor, for a sort of flying bicycle will be invented which will enable the rider to soar in mid-air.

"Sure. Come on, let's hurry. Will they let us have a hundred strikes?"

"Certainly. Get in and we'll go immediately."

Entirely new views will prevail concerning the beauty of women, for women themselves will be greatly changed; their beauty will be combined with muscular power and courage. Parliamentary institutions, M. Bois believes, will be greatly modified; indeed, will almost have disappeared, and nations will be governed by delegates of various castes.

All existing aristocracies will have become blotted out, but a new form of aristocracy, brought into being by the general alteration of the conditions of life, will be socially and politically powerful. French will become the great international language.

"WASTE NOT, WANT NOT."

Modern Advice Is Very Different From the Ancient.

The tiny suite that the three cousins kept together was sunny and comfortable and clean.

"That is, it's clean everywhere except under Marian's bed," Hilda used to say, gloomily, when she was enumerating the virtues and vices of the flat. "Of course we haven't much closet room, but I declare I'd give away my old finery, sell it to the ragman, burn it, even, rather than pile box after box away under my bed. And she never really uses any; she just thinks she's going to."

Ruth, the third cousin, sighed and always agreed with her, for "Order is heaven's first law" was written over every square inch of her tidy conscience.

But at last reproaches culminated in a combined attack, provoked by the wrath of the charwoman at her inability to conquer the dust under the bed. "Sure, Miss Ellery," she announced firmly, "it's not me that can be kapin' Miss Marian's room mate with all them boxes an' odd-me-jigs an' it's cruel hard to be movin' them back an' fords an' scrapin' out the dust be twane."

But Marlan, when her cousins scolded, met the storm with the constant, cheerful good humor that was exasperating, and yet made it so hard to quarrel with her.

"'Waste not, want not, or two bows to your spring hat,' is my motto," she declared. "Just wait till you see the creation I'll evolve. Now, neither of you artistic souls—and I'm not denying that you're embryo Whistlers and Paderewskis—can trim a hat like this. The average height of Europeans will be increased; so will the average length of life."

"How about that Watteau fancy dress that you wore when you were eighteen, and have saved ever since, though now you can't fasten it around your airy waist?" scoffed Hilda.

But Marlan only waved a defiant candle, and disappeared on a quest of buried treasure. Then, all at once, there was a scramble and a shriek, and when the cousins rushed in, the light draperies of the bed and the heap of fineries were flaring up, lighted by the flame of Marlan's careless candle. As Hilda said afterward, "It took all our nerve and our three best blankets to get it out," and when the startled neighbors rushed in, all they could do was to offer sympathy, vaseline, and advice in case it should happen again.

"The room's ruined," declared Hilda, "and Marlan, you'll have to sleep on the living room lounge until it's decent again."

That night, after the cousins had retired early and thankfully to bed and were dozing off, a convulsive shaking of the couch in the next room roused them.

"What is the matter now?" demanded Hilda, impatiently, but the gentler Ruth said, "Poor child! She feels dreadfully, Hilda," and slipped on her bed shoes to go to the sufferer's com-

fort.

But Marlan manager to gasp out between giggles, "No, no! Don't come, I'm all right. Only, girls, you've been after me for years to burn up my rubbish—and now I've done it!"

Gratitude of Thieves.

The thief in the community is very much like the boy whose meanness or ruffianism has caused the other little children to band together to ostracize him. He may move about with a sulken swagger, carry a chip on his shoulder and a vicious gleam in his eye, but there is always a sob in his throat. So the thief is longing and aching to get back in the circle out of which he has been ruled.

If any honest man wants to meet lively gratitude let him knowingly give the countenance of his company to a crook. It will be a favor never forgotten. Every lawyer practicing at the criminal bar knows this. One very well known practitioner of genial personality and large tolerance occasionally takes a client to dinner at a good restaurant or braves an appearance with him at a theater. There have been embarrassing results, due to the criminal's gratitude.

"After one of these evenings," the lawyer laughingly told me, "I'm kept for days dodging and returning presents sent by the crook—watches, scarfs, cuff links, now and then a valuable painting or a Persian rug—all belonging to somebody else."—Everybody's Magazine.

The Wolf in Disguise.

Once upon a time a wolf who was going after the farmer's chickens took the advice of a fox and disguised himself in sheep's clothing.

"For," said the fox, "if the dogs see you they will take you for a harmless lamb and let you pass."

When the disguised wolf was near the chicken house he heard the dogs bark and saw them running toward him at the top of their speed.

"I am a fool," said the wolf. "For now the dogs think I am a lamb and have no fear of me. I will change my mind, get out of this incumbering clothing and make a winning fight."

But before he could get the garment off the dogs were upon him and took his life.

Moral.—It is easier to change your mind than your clothing.—New York Herald.

A dog never takes any real interest in anything except in a fight, in a love affair, and in something to eat.

"Who," the women always ask when they hear of a woman being operated upon, "will be the next?"

A dog never takes any real interest in anything except in a fight, in a love affair, and in something to eat.

"When a man dat's tryin' to trade horses wi' me stahts braggin' 'bout how honest he is in his dealin's," said Uncle Ebene. "I can't help suspectin' dat he's gettin' ready to make an exception in my case."—Washington Star.

BOHEMIAN TWINS MARVELS.

Two Girls Joined Together by Peculiar Bonds of Flesh.

There have just arrived in London from Liege the Misses Rosa and Josefa Blazek, who are, no doubt, the most extraordinary examples of human abnormality in existence.

THANKSGIVING

If Your Suit or Overcoat is a Little the Worse for Wear

Or If You Have Not Yet Appeared In
Your Winter Togs, Now Is The
Time To Break Them In



MEN'S OVERCOATS \$5.00 to \$20.00

In kerseys, meltons friezes and fancy mixture, cut 44 and 52 inches long. Some made in plain style, others military and some auto.

MEN'S SUITS \$6.50 to \$25.00

In worsteds, cassimeas scotches, fancy mixtures, black thibets and plain or fancy blue serges, in conservative or extreme styles. An elegant assortment to select from.

We're Catering to the Needs
of the Well Dressed
Young Man

and this season sees us better prepared. Our suits are shown in many styles and in all shades that are popular.

\$7.50 to \$16.50

UNDERWEAR—Wool \$1.00 to 1.50, Fleeced or Ribbed 39c to 50c. Boys' Underwear 25c to 50c. Shirts 39c to \$1.50, a Special Line at 75c. Gloves 25c to \$4.00. Sweater Coats \$1.00 to \$3.00. Mufflers 25c to 50c.

HATS
\$1.00 to
\$3.00

Adolph Steinwedel Clothing Co.

SEYMORE, INDIANA



CRAVENETTES

In fancy worsteds, thibets and fancy scotches. You should have one of these coats.

\$10.00, \$12.00, \$15.0

BOYS' SUITS \$1.50 to \$6.50

Boys' double-breasted knickerbocker suits, in fancy worsteds and cassimeres and blue serges, made to resist hard wear. Excellent Values.

BOYS' OVERCOATS

In a variety of styles of serviceable goods. Low price.

\$2.50 to \$15.00

TOP COATS

Covers, Thibets, oxfords and worsteds.

\$10.00, \$12.50, \$15.00

Killed By Engine.

Mrs. Carrie Wood received a message Tuesday evening that her son, George Wood, had been killed by an engine near Marathon, Florida. The body was taken to Miami, Florida, about 400 miles south of Jacksonville. No further particulars were given in the message. Mrs. Wood and her son Harry, left for Miami Wednesday forenoon, and will probably bring the body here for burial.

George Wood was 35 years of age. He had been running an engine on the Florida & East Coast Line for some time. He had been in the south quite awhile and before he went to work on the railroad in Florida, he made a trip to Cuba. He was well known in this city where he spent the greater part of his life.

High School Recital.

An excellent program was given by the pupils of the public schools last night at the Majestic theatre, under the direction of H. C. Gast, musical director of the Seymour schools. A large crowd was present, and that they appreciated the program, was evidenced by the hearty encore given each number. The high school chorus sang several selections, which were enjoyed, and their excellent training was the cause of many complimentary remarks. The individual numbers were also highly commended. The musical specialties were unique and deserved the praise given them by the audience. An afternoon matinee was given which was largely attended by school children. The net proceeds of the recital, will be used for the benefit of the high school.

Oysters at Shaefer's Bakery.

Funeral.

On account of an error made by the undertaker at Indianapolis, the remains of Mrs. Nora Wilkins, who died there Sunday evening, were taken to the Union depot instead of the traction station and consequently came down on the Pennsylvania line, arriving here about eleven o'clock. The family came down on the traction line two hours earlier and were kept waiting. Quite a number of friends and relatives met the remains here this morning and accompanied them to Riverview cemetery for interment.

Scott Votes Dry.

Scott county held a local option election Tuesday and the result was a dry majority of nearly four hundred. Every precinct in the county returned a dry majority. Scottsburg voted dry by a majority of 126. Scott county has been dry for about two years and the majority of the people seem to be satisfied and voted to continue under the same conditions.

Missionary Meeting.

The Evangel Missionary Society of the Presbyterian church, will unite with the Light Bearers' Society for their annual Thanksgiving meeting Friday evening of this week at the church parlors. All members are requested to hand their thank offerings to the Treasurer, Mrs. C. D. Billings, on that evening.

n26d SEC.Y.

Thanksgiving Social.

A social will be given in the parlors of the Presbyterian church Friday evening and in connection with the social the girls will furnish a unique and enjoyable entertainment which they call "His Old Sweethearts." The favors of the evening will be kream, kake and candy for cash. Admission free. Everybody invited. n24-26d

Thanksgiving Baskets.

The members of the Junior and Senior Leagues, as well as the members of the First M. E. church are requested to bring their supplies for the Thanksgiving baskets to the Methodist church this afternoon. The baskets will be distributed tomorrow morning.

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, }
LUCAS COUNTY, } ss

Frank J. Cheney makes oath that he is senior partner of the firm of F. J. Cheney & Co., doing business in the city of Toledo, county and state aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of Hall's Catarrh Cure.

FRANK J. CHENEY

Swearn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A.D. 1886.

(Seal) A. W. GLEASON,
NOTARY PUBLIC.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

Sold by all druggists, 75c.

Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

R. M. Gibson, the contest editor of the Seymour REPUBLICAN, made a business trip to Vassar this morning.

Thousands Have Kidney Trouble and Never Suspect it.

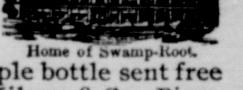
How To Find Out.

Fill a bottle or common glass with your water and let it stand twenty-four hours; a brick dust sediment, or settling, stringy or milky appearance often indicates an unhealthy condition of the kidneys; too frequent desire to pass it or pain in the back are also symptoms that tell you the kidneys and bladder are out of order and need attention.

What To Do.

There is comfort in the knowledge so often expressed, that Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, the great kidney remedy, fulfills almost every wish in correcting rheumatism, pain in the back, kidneys, liver, bladder and every part of the urinary passage. Corrects inability to hold water and scalding pain in passing it, or bad effects following use of liquor, wine or beer, and overcomes that unpleasant necessity of being compelled to go often through the day, and to get up many times during the night. The mild and immediate effect of **Swamp-Root** is soon realized. It stands the highest because of remarkable health restoring properties. If you need a medicine you should have the best. Sold by druggists in fifty-cent and one-dollar sizes.

You may have a sample bottle sent free by mail. Address Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y. Mention this paper and remember the name, Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, and the address, Binghamton, N. Y., on every bottle.



Brillantine Lamp Oil

has no bad habits,
does not smell,
smoke nor
make you swear.

Try it today.

For sale at

BRAND'S GROCERY

"You,"

said Judge Lindsey to the policeman, "want to save bicycles. I want to save boys."

From "The Beast and the Jungle," in the

DECEMBER EVERYBODY'S

It's a big, human, well-written story. Get it and read it.

For Sale by
FRANK H. GATES and
MILLER'S Book Store

SPECIAL EXCURSIONS TO LOUISVILLE

Wednesday,
Saturday and Sunday,
Each Week, \$1.25

These tickets are good going on any car on date of sale. Returning good only on 11:15 p. m. car, leaving Louisville on date of sale.

I. & L. TRACTION CO.

CHICAGO

Excursions

Over Pennsylvania Lines

NOV. 24, 28, 29 and 30

DEC. 1, 5 and 6

For details consult J. T. Jones, Agt.

Freight-Express Service to LOUISVILLE

Daily Except Sunday

I. & L. Traction Co.

WASHBURN-CROSBY'S GOLD MEDAL FLOUR

FOR DEC JAN FEB MAR APR MAY JUNE JULY AUG SEPT OCT

AND NOVEMBER

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"Dressed fit to kill"

Is the "modern" Thanksgiving motto.

We can certainly furnish the "dressing" that will be correct in every detail.

SUITS in the latest shades and cuts.

OVERCOATS modeled by expert artists.

HATS of the latest shades and designs.

GLOVES, imported and domestic.

NECKWEAR in all the richest shades.

SHIRTS for all "dress" occasion."

There will be many social functions this week, are you prepared for them?

If in doubt, come to us.

THE HUB

THE FASHION SHOP

POST CARDS
At
T. R. CARTER'S.

Pink Roses

A new and exquisite perfume fresh as a bunch of roses. A large variety of fine perfumes just received for the holidays. Call and inspect.

Cox's Pharmacy

Good Teeth a Necessity To Enjoy Life

Note the following reasonable prices:

QUALITY and WORKMANSHIP GUARANTEED

Set of Teeth.....\$8.00
Gold Crowns, (22K).....\$5.00
Bridge Work.....\$5.00
Fillings.....15 cents and up

Extracting Painless With Nitrous Oxide Gas EXAMINATION FREE

No. 7 W. Second St., SEYMORE, IND.

Cut This Out

and bring it with you to PLATTER & CO. and you will get one photo extra with each dozen photos ordered. The extra one mounted on larger and finer card or folder.

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Prescriptions A Specialty

GEORGE F. MEYER'S DRUG STORE

LIBBEY CUT GLASS—THE GIFT THAT NEVER FAILS OF A WELCOME.

For the young wife and mother; the fiancee; the man of affairs; the boy at college—in dining room, library, boudoir, or den, there is a vacant place waiting to be beautified by a piece of cut glass. The more you study its possibilities for gift-purposes—the more numerous will be your cut glass purchases for Christmas.

Libbey cut glass is sold by but one store in each city and no other. Come to our store for Libbey cut glass.

J. G. LAUPUS

PERSONAL.

Dr. Hobbs of Crothersville, was here this morning.

E. M. Young made a business trip to Mitchell Tuesday.

C. J. Atkinson made a business trip to Brownstown this morning.

Estel Hancock made a business trip to North Vernon this morning.

Howard Smith, of Vallonia, transacted business here this morning.

Miss Louise Murphy was a passenger to North Vernon this morning.

Mrs. Gilbert, of Woodstock, spent Tuesday with friends at Columbus.

Miss Ossee Robertson and a friend came up from Brownstown Tuesday.

George Vehslage, Jr., made a business trip to Brownstown this morning.

George I. Davis, of Reddington, was a passenger to Brownstown Tuesday.

Charles R. Ruttar, the plasterer, made a business trip to North Vernon Tuesday.

Hazel Hash returned to her home at Dupont this morning after a short visit here.

J. Alf Cox, of Crothersville, went to Brownstown this morning to attend the funeral of Mrs. Harry Shields.

Fireman L. L. James and wife went to Medora Tuesday to visit his parents, L. L. James Jr.

John R. Gebhart, of the Woolen Mills, made a business trip to St. Louis Tuesday night.

D. W. Wilson and wife went to Parksville this morning to attend the wedding of his cousin, Chas. Wilson.

Mr. Bailey, manager of the electric theatre at Crothersville, made a business trip to Brownstown this morning.

Penn Newsom of Elizabethtown, was here Tuesday to attend the practical demonstration in fruit growing.

Rev. Weekly, pastor of the East Columbus Methodist church, was a passenger to Brownstown this morning.

Mrs. John Eastwood, of near Hangman's Crossing, went to Washington this morning to visit her son, Fred Eastwood.

R. M. Gibson, contest editor of the Seymour REPUBLICAN piano contest, made a business trip to Reddington Tuesday evening.

Charles Knowling, wife and family, of near Seymour, left for Ottawa, Ill., Monday where they will make their future home.

Lambert Hamant, of Indianapolis, is visiting his sister, Mrs. Thomas Foy, of near Seymour, and will assist with the corn husking.

J. S. Mills and his sisters have moved into the new house built by Mrs. H. C. Whitmer on Third street between Chestnut and Walnut.

C. J. Atkinson, Mrs. Pearl DeGoyer and daughter, Miss Harriet, will spend Thanksgiving with Mr. and Mrs. Taylor Pruden, of Cortland.

T. C. Deal, C. T. Deal and John Blackall, of Scottsburg, were here Tuesday night en route to Morris, Ripley county where they are employed in building a gravel road. They had gone home to vote in the local option election.

Irvin Callaway, a member of Company E, of the 10th infantry, located at Ft. Benjamin Harrison near Indianapolis, was in the city over night and went to Washington county this morning to visit relatives. He is taking a leave of absence of about two and a half months. He will return here Friday.

Eat Schaefer's bread, pies, and cakes and kwitckericken. n24d

Wreck Delays Trains.

The early southbound train on the Pennsylvania line, arrived here this afternoon about 12:45, almost seven hours late. The cause was a serious freight wreck on the Lake Erie & Western near Tipton, shortly after midnight. This train and two others, including the late northbound train Tuesday night, was detained by way of Kokomo, Richmond and Indianapolis. The Pennsylvania ordinarily uses the tracks of the L. E. & W., from Kokomo to Indianapolis.

A Good One.

The picture at Dreamland last night, "The Little Teacher," was an exceptionally good one and everybody who saw it, was well pleased. Mr. Williams, the manager, takes pride in the merit of the pictures he is now producing from night to night.

Oysters at Shaefer's Bakery.

BATHS

Take Turkish Salt-glow Baths for all kinds of Lung Trouble.

AHLERT'S TURKISH BATH ROOMS

S.S.S. NATURE'S CURE FOR RHEUMATISM

In a disease so painful as Rheumatism, medicines containing opiates and nerve-quitting drugs are often used. Such treatment is dangerous not only because it frequently causes the sufferer to become addicted to the drug habit, but medicines of this nature are always injurious to the system. Rheumatism is a disease of the blood, and its cure depends entirely upon a thorough purification of the circulation. As long as the blood remains saturated with uric acid, an inflammatory condition of the nerves, muscles and tendons of the body will exist, and the pains, aches, soreness, and hot, feverish flesh of Rheumatism will continue. The one safe and sure cure for Rheumatism is S.S.S. It is nature's remedy for this disease, made entirely of the healing, cleansing juices and extracts of roots, herbs and barks from the natural forests. S.S.S. does not contain anything that is in the slightest way injurious to the system. It is absolutely and purely vegetable, and free from opiates or sedatives of any kind. S.S.S. cures Rheumatism by removing the uric acid from the circulation, it makes the blood pure, rich and healthy so that instead of depositing sharp, uratic impurities into the muscles, nerves, joints and bones, it nourishes every portion of the body with natural, healthful properties. Book on Rheumatism and any medical advice free to all who write and request it.

THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., ATLANTA, GA.

ARE YOU

Goihg to Take Advantage of the Many Special Bargains Offered in Our Annual Sale of High Grade Linens NOW IN PROGRESS.

German Damask, 72 in. wide, all pure linen, unbleached, best for wear, specially priced.....**49c**

Union Bleached Damask, 56 in. wide, clover leaf and other patterns. Special price yd.....**23c**

Rosemary Damask, 58 in. wide and full bleached, handsome designs. Special price yd.....**25c**

Bleached Damask, 58 in. wide, neatleaf patterns, soft finish, worth 50c yd. Special price yd.....**35c**

Full Bleached Damask of English manufacture, 2 yds. wide, handsome scroll and floral patterns. Special price yd.....**69c**

Union huck towels, size 18x36 inch, special each.....**.9c**

Union huck towels, size 15x20 inch, special each.....**.4c**

Huck towels, large size, hemstitched, special each.....**12c**

Huck towels, size 18x35, scalloped edges, special each.....**25c**

Bleached Union toweling, worth 10 cents yard, special price yard.....**74c**

Napkins—Complete Assortment up to \$4.50 Dozen. Dice pattern napkins, dozen.....**39c**
Mercerized Napkins, 18x18, dozen.....**89c**
Mercerized Napkins, 20x20, dozen.....**98c**
Union Linen Napkins, 20x20, dozen.....**\$1.19**

Fine linen towels, hemstitched, fringed, special each.....**25c**

Fine all linen large size towels, **49c**, **59c**, **69c**, **89c** and **98c**

Cotton toweling, very absorbent, worth nickel, special price yard.....**31c**

Linen toweling, unbleached, 18 inches wide, special price yard.....**61c**

W. H. BURKLEY
REAL ESTATE INSURANCE and LOANS
SEYMORE, INDIANA

Ladies and Gentleman

Take your old clothes to

THE SEYMORE TAILORS

And have them put in first

class wearing condition.

117 NORTH CHESTNUT STREET

SEYMORE, INDIANA

CONGDON & DURHAM,

Fire, Tornado, Liability,

Accident and Sick Benefit

INSURANCE

Real Estate, Rental Agency

Prompt Attention to All Business

"Will Go on Your Bond"

Will write any kind of

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SEYMORE, INDIANA.

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824-828 State Life Bldg. INDIAN-

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"For Goodness Sake"

FIVE

WHITESIDE BREAD LABELS

Will Secure You an Admission Ticket to

The Nickelodeon

Moving Picture Show

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THE SPINNER.

The spinner twisted her slender thread
As she sat, and spun.
"The earth and the heavens are mine," she said,
"And the moon and sun;
Into my web the sunlight goes,
And the breath of May,
And the crimson life of the new-blown rose
That was born to-day."

The spinner sang in the hush of noon,
And her morning song was low:
"Ah, morning, you pass away too soon,
You are swift to go.
My heart o'erflows like a brimming cup
With its hopes and fears.
Love, come and drink the sweetness up
Ere it turns to tears."

The spinner looked at the falling sun.
"Is it time to rest?
My hands are weary, my work is done,
I have wrought my best.
I have spun and woven with patient eyes
And with fingers fleet.
Lo! where the toll of a lifetime lies
In a winding sheet!"

Mary Ainge de Vere.

The House with the Blinds



It is a thing said and signed and implicitly believed in by the discerning few that San Francisco is a place wherein things can happen. There are some cities like this—cities that have come to be picturesque—that offer opportunities in the matter of background and local color, and are full of stories and dramas and novels, written and unwritten. There seems to be no adequate explanation for this state of things, but you can't go about the streets anywhere within a mile radius of Lotta's fountain without realizing the peculiarity, just as you would realize the hopelessness of making anything out of Chicago; fancy a novel about Chicago or Buffalo, let us say, or Nashville, Tenn. There are just three big cities in the United States that are "story cities"—New York, of course, New Orleans, and best of the lot, San Francisco.

Here, if you put yourself in the way of it, you shall see life uncloaked, and bare of convention—the raw, naked thing, that perplexes and fascinates life that involves death of the sudden and swift variety, the jar and shock of unleashed passions, the friction of men upon the edge of mysteries for which there is no explanation—little eddies, sudden outflashings of the inexplicable—troublous, disquieting, and a little fearful.

About this "House With the Blinds" now.

If you go far enough afield, with your face towards Telegraph Hill, beyond Chinatown, beyond the Barbary Coast, beyond the Mexican quarter and Luna's restaurant, beyond even the tamale factory and the Red House, you will come at length to a park in a strange, unfamiliar, unfrequented quarter. You will know the place by reason of a granite stone set up there by the geodetic surveyors, for some longitudinal purposes of their own, and by an enormous flagstaff erected in the center. Stockton street flanks it on one side and Powell on the other. It is an Italian quarter as much as anything else, and the Societa Alleanza holds dances in a big white hall hard by. The Russian church, with its minarets (that look for all the world like inverted balloons) overlook it on one side, and at the end of certain seaward streets you may see the masts and spars of wheat ships and the Asiatic steamers. The park lies in a valley between Russian and Telegraph Hills, and in August and early September the trades come flogging up from the bay, overwhelming one with sudden, bulging gusts that strike downward, blanket-wise and bewildering. There are certain residences here where, I am sure, sea captains and sailing masters live, and on one corner is an ancient house with windows opening door fashion upon a deep veranda, that was used as a custom office in Mexican times.

I have a very good friend, who is a sailing master aboard the Mary Baker, a full-rigged wheat ship, a Cape Horn, and the most beautiful thing I ever remember to have seen. Occasionally I am invited to make a voyage with him as supercargo, an invitation which you may be sure I accept. Such an invitation came to me one day some four or five years ago, and I made the trip with him to Calcutta and return.

The day before the Mary Baker cast off I had been aboard (she was lying in the stream off Melgg's wharf) attending to the stowing of my baggage and the appointment of my stateroom. The yawl put me ashore at three in the afternoon, and I started home via the park I have been speaking about. On my way across the park I stopped in front of that fool geodetic stone, wondering what it might be. And while I stood there puzzling about it, a nurse-maid came up and spoke to me.

The story of "The House With the Blinds" begins here.

The nurse-maid was most dreadfully drunk, her bonnet was awry, her face red and swollen, and one eye was blackened. She was not at all pleased

they might, for they carried with them the intertwined bodies of six gentlemen. When I say carried I mean it in its most literal sense, for never in all my life have I seen six gentlemen so completely, so thoroughly, so helplessly and helplessly intoxicated. Well dressed they were, too, one of them even in full dress. Salvoes of artillery could not have awakened that drunken half dozen, and I doubt if any one of them could even have been roused into consciousness.

Three hacks appeared (note that the patrol wagon was conspicuously absent), the six were loaded upon the cushions, the word was given and one by one the hacks rattled down Stockton street and disappeared in the direction of the city. The captain of the squad remained behind for a few minutes, locked the outside doors in the deserted shuttered house, descended the steps, and went his way across the park, softly whistling a quickstep. In time he, too, vanished. The park, the rows of houses, the windfogged streets, resumed their normal quiet. The incident was closed.

Or was it closed? Judge you now. Next day I was down upon the wharves, grissack in hand, capped and clothed for a long sea voyage. The Mary Baker's boat was not yet come ashore, but the beauty lay out there in the stream, flirting with a bustling tug that circled about her, coughing uneasily at intervals. Idle sailors, longshoremen, and stevedores sat upon the string-piece of the wharf, chewing slivers and spitting reflectively into the water. Across the intervening stretch of bay came the noises from the Mary Baker's decks—noises that were small and distinct, as if heard through a telephone, the rattle of blocks, the straining of a windlass, the bos'n's whistle, and once the noise of sawing. A white cruiser sat solidly in the waves over by Alcatraz, and while I took note of her the flag was suddenly broken out and I heard the strains of the ship's band. The morning was fine. Tamalpais climbed out of the water like a rousing lion. In a few hours we would be off on a voyage to the underside of the earth. There was a note of gayety in the nimble air, and one felt that the world was young after all, and that it was good to be young with her.

I got that fool stone between myself and this object, and listened to it pouring out an incoherent tirade against some man who had done it dirt, b'Gawd, and with whom it was incumbent that I should fight, and she was in fix, s'what she was, and could I, who was evidently a perfect gentleman, oblige her with four bits? All this while the baby yelled till my ears sang again. Well, I gave her four bits to get rid of her, but she stuck to me yet the closer, and confided to me that she lived in that house over yonder, she did—the house with the blinds, and was nurse-maid there, so she was, b'Gawd. But at last I got away and fled in the direction of Stockton street. As I was going along, however, I reflected that the shrieking infant was somebody's child, and no doubt popular in the house with the blinds. The parents ought to know that its nose got drunk and into fixes. It was a duty—a dirty duty—for me to inform upon her.

Much as I loathed to do so I turned towards the house with the blinds. I stood hard by the Russian church, a huge white-painted affair, all the windows closely shuttered and a bit of stained glass in the front door—quite the most pretentious house in the row. I had got directly opposite, and was about to cross the street when, lo! around the corner, marching rapidly and with blue coats flapping, buttons and buckles flashing, came a squad of three, seven, nine—ten policemen. They marched straight upon the house with the blinds.

I am not brilliant nor adventurous, but I have been told that I am good, and I do strive to be respectable, and pay my taxes and pew rent. As a corollary to this, I loathed unutterable to be involved in a mess of any kind. The squad of policemen were about to enter the house with the blinds, and not for worlds would I have been found by them upon its steps. The nurse-girl might heave that shrieking infant over the cliff of Telegraph Hill, it were all one with me. So I shrank back upon the sidewalk and watched what followed.

Fifty yards from the house the squad broke into a run, swarmed upon the front steps, and in a moment were thundering upon the front door till the stained glass leaped in its leads and shattered down upon their helmets. And then, just at this point, occurred an incident which, though it had no bearing upon or connection with this yarn, is quite queer enough to be set down. The shutters of one of the top-story windows opened slowly, like the gills of a breathing fish, the sash raised some six inches with a reluctant wail, and hand groped forth into the open air. On the sill of the window was lying a gilded Indian-club, and while I watched, wondering, the hand closed upon it, drew it under the sash, the window dropped guillotine-fashion, and the shutters clapped to like the shutters of a cuckoo clock. Why was the Indian-club lying on the sill? Why, in heaven's name, was it gilded? Why did the owner of that mysterious groping hand seize upon it at the first intimation of danger? I don't know—never will know. But I do know that the thing was eldritch and uncanny, ghostly even, in the glare of that cheerful afternoon's sun, in that barren park, with the trade winds thrashing up from the seaward streets.

Suddenly the door crashed in. The policemen vanished inside the house. Everything fell silent again. I waited for perhaps fifty seconds—waited, watching and listening, ready for anything that might happen, expecting nothing but—everything.

Not more than five minutes had elapsed when the policemen began to reappear. They came slowly, and well

one of those six inebriates should have stood upon the drop and worn the cap—which one of the company had knifed his friend and bundled him into that closet under the stairs? Had he done it during the night of the orgie, or before it? Was his friend drunk at the time, or sober? I never could answer these questions, and I suppose I shall never know the secret of "The House With the Blinds."

Greek family lives there now, and rent the upper story to a man who blows the organ in the Russian church, and to two Japanese, who have a photograph gallery on Stockton street. I wonder to what use they have put the little closet under the stairs?—From "The Third Circle," by Frank Norris.

CONSERVING TIMBER SUPPLY.

One Acre of Forest Land Needed for Each Citizen.

According to a bulletin issued by the Forest Service, there is at present an unfortunate lack of authoritative, scientific information in regard to reproduction, either natural or artificial, of American forests, to their growth, and to the best time and methods of cutting them, the New York Post says. The recent endowment of the Morris K. Jessup chair of silviculture, at the Yale Forest School, should render possible the collection of much data on these subjects and its widespread dissemination. The bulletin says:

"The United States has been so richly endowed with natural resources that the thought of conserving our woods has come late. We have been unavoidably ignorant and therefore excusably heedless. By a careful conspectus made within the last two years of all the wooded area of the country, it has been learned that our total stand of timber is now between 1,500,000,000,000 and 2,000,000,000,000 feet. In a score of years consumption has been doubling on population, and lumber prices have shot up."

"In President Madison's day the States east of the Mississippi comprised over 1,000,000 square miles, or 700,000,000 acres. To-day there are not over 300,000 square miles, or 210,000,000 acres of merchantable forest left in this section. At present about 21 per cent of our lands is devoted to agriculture, a half century hence it will probably be 50 per cent."

"We had 113,000,000 acres in farms in Lincoln's day, we have 415,000,000 to-day. For each citizen there is required one full acre of forest land, if, in the coming years, the United States is to be self-sustaining as regards its lumber supply. At present each citizen has seven and three-fourths acres to draw from, but in truth he is actually drawing from an accumulated surplus of sixteen acres per inhabitant. At this rate we face a timber famine in a comparatively few years."

"Our national forests form only about one-fifth of our wooded lands, four-fifths being private forests. It is essential, therefore, to have the general principles of forestry understood and practiced. This endowment will help materially toward actual conservation of our wooded areas and reforestation of those already laid waste."

TORTURE FOR BEAUTY'S SAKE.

How Woman Inflicted Agony on Herself to Improve Her Looks.

You must suffer to be beautiful, according to a French saying. There seems to be some truth in the statement, if a lady's maid is to be believed, says the Paris correspondent of the London Telegraph.

She has revealed the secrets of her mistress' boudoir, or, rather, torture chamber. The woman herself is now beautiful, but one wonders that she is still alive. For months she lay flat on her back on the floor, motionless, with her arms close to her sides, during several hours every day. This was, it follows, the mystery of the house with the blinds.

Beyond all doubt, one of the six drunken men had done the murder. Which one? How to find out? So completely were they drunk that not a single one of them could recall anything of the previous twelve hours.

They had come out there with their friend the day before. They woke from their orgie to learn that one of them had worried him to his death by means of a short palm-broad dagger taken from a trophy of Persian arms that hung over a divan.

Whose hand had done it? Which one of them was the murderer? I could fancy them—I think I can see them now—sitting there in their cells, each man apart, withdrawn from his fellow-reveler, and each looking furiously into his fellow's face, asking himself, "Was it you? Was it you? or was it I? Which of us, in God's name, has done this thing?"

Well, it was never known. When I came back to San Francisco a year or so later I asked about the affair of the house with the blinds, and found that it had been shelved with the other mysterious crimes. The six men had actually been "discharged for the want of evidence."

But for a long time the thing harassed me. More than once since I have gone to that windy park, with its quivering flagstaff and geodetic monument, and, sitting on a bench opposite the house, asked myself again and again the bootless questions. Why had the drunken nurse-maid mentioned the house to me in the first place? And why at that particular time? Why had she lied to me in telling me that she lived there? Why was that gilded Indian-club on the sill of the upper window? And whose—here's a point—whose was the hand that drew it inside the house? And then, of course, last of all, the ever recurrent question, which

FARM AND GARDEN

For Cream Test Balance.

A simple and sensitive weighing instrument to be known as the Wisconsin hydrostatic cream balance has been devised at the agricultural experiment station of the University of Wisconsin. This instrument meets the long recognized need for a simple and accurate method of weighing cream in the Babcock test bottle for testing.

The ordinary cheap scales are inaccurate, and the more delicate balances are too expensive for general use by farmers. The new invention consists of a specially devised brass float, similar to a dydrometer, which is placed in a cylinder of water. The instrument floats steadily in a vertical position, and supports a platform on which a cream bottle and a nine-gram weight are placed. Small, one-tenth gram weights are placed on the platform until the float sinks to a line marked on the spindle. The nine-gram weight is then put into the bottle with a pipette in a sufficient amount to again sink the float to a line of the spindle. This gives the weight accurately and the devise is so sensitive that it is effected by a single drop of cream. The weighing can be done rapidly.

CREAM BALANCE marked on the spindle. The nine-gram weight is then put into the bottle with a pipette in a sufficient amount to again sink the float to a line of the spindle. This gives the weight accurately and the devise is so sensitive that it is effected by a single drop of cream. The weighing can be done rapidly.

Skim Milk.

At the West Virginia experiment station it has been found that skim milk for feeding laying hens is worth from 1½ to 2 cents a quart. Other experiments have fully proved that it has equally as great value for feeding pigs.

Figuring at this rate, the milkman who sells whole milk is selling from 60 to 80 cents' worth of skim milk to each can, and the general market price of a can of milk is close around \$1.25. Now, this can of milk contains enough cream to make four pounds of butter, which is worth about \$1, leaving only about 25 cents for the skim milk sold, or a loss of from 35 to 55 cents on each can over making the cream into butter and feeding the skim milk. Also, when the milk is fed on the farm more fertilizer is made, which makes the difference still greater in favor of keeping and feeding the skim milk.

Where one can secure select trade for whole milk at extra price it will pay to sell the whole milk and buy extra feeds and fertilizers, but selling whole milk at less than \$1 for a 40-quart can is not profitable when one considers the future of the land on which he is dairying.

New Corn Feeding.

Not all farmers appreciate the value of feeding new corn. When handled properly good results can be obtained from it than from any other crop grown. When fed in the green stage, from the time when grains are in the milk till they become hard and the blades dry up, horses and cattle will eat almost, if not all, of the entire plant, and sheep and hogs will eat much of it, utilizing to advantage all there is in the crop. New corn, just after it has passed the roasting ear stage, is one of the best feeds for poultry, both young and old, and hens will lay eggs much better than on old corn. There is no feed much better for fattening horses and colts, as well as cattle, than new corn.

We always plant some very early, medium and the patches of corn to be cut and fed whole in late summer and fall. In this way we have the best of feed for the stock in August, September and October, one-fourth of the year. While the new corn is being fed none of the stock requires much other feed, and the grain in the bin and the hay in the mow are saved.

Water and Air in Soil.

There must be a proper balance of air and water to have the soil work go on. Exclude either and there is failure. Soil work is stopped when the soil becomes so dry that the water films around the soil particles are destroyed. Then is when the plant food ceases to be elaborated, and what plant food there is in the soil is no longer carried to the roots of the plants.

Great losses in crops are annually recorded because these simple fundamental facts are not fully understood. There must be a balance. Drainage will often do much to bring about a good condition of aeration of soil; but in some soils something else is needed.

Thus a sandy soil that is so light that the moisture film soon disappears to a depth of a foot or more will produce nothing. In such a case other things must be incorporated with the sand of the soil, such as muck, lime, humus, fertilizer, to give it the power to retain the moisture film.

Dairying in Winter.

There are many advantages in having cows come fresh in winter, when all dairy products sell at a high price. In many places the price of butter is from 25 to 50 per cent higher in winter than in summer.

When the cows calve in the spring they generally milk well until the pastures dry up, when the flow of milk quickly falls off, so that by the time stable feeds begin the cows are almost dried up. Now, if the cows come fresh in the fall, they produce a good flow of milk during the winter months, and in the spring, when they are turned on the grass, this acts as a second freshening and thus lengthens the period of milk production.

Another distinct advantage in winter dairying is that during this season the farmer is not so busy with other work, consequently he can give more time to the care of the cows, the milk and the cream than is possible during the busy season of the year. When winter dairying becomes more generally practiced, the subject of winter feeds will be given more attention.

Wasted Economy.

The number of people is small, we believe, who, knowing that through their fault some mistake of an injurious nature has been made, would want only to attach the blame to innocent parties. This is generally done thoughtlessly and ignorantly, albeit in good faith. The idea is to examine ourselves and methods before condemning another.

A patron of a Wisconsin creamery recently sent in some vigorous protests against its products. It transpired that the creamery was not in the wrong, except so far as the management put faith in a few of the patrons of the creamery. Several of them had thoughtlessly turned their herds into cabbage, rape and turnip patches immediately after the first heavy frosts, and the milk thus tainted was sent in, with the result of causing inferiority in the creamery's output.

Aside from the fact that we should not judge too hastily or be too ready to charge moral turpitude, the discerning farmer will understand from the case in point that feeding the stock any old thing to prevent waste may be the means of producing greater destruction.

Forms of Combs.

No matter how poultry may excel in shape, color, and size, a malformed comb and bad lobes will detract from the chances of success, especially in the non-sitting or Mediterranean breeds, where the ornamental headgear, or comb, is so conspicuously attractive. There are many kinds of combs, as will be seen in the accompanying illustrations, which are deserving of notice, chief of which are



the single serrated comb, as seen in such breeds as Minorcas, Leghorns, Orpingtons, Plymouth Rocks, Langshans, Dorking, in different sizes; the rose-comb, beautifully worked or corrugated, and full of small points, as seen chiefly in the Redcap, Hamburg, and Wyandotte family. Then there is the pea comb, or triple comb, that is, three parallel ridges (or very small combs), as seen in the Brahman or the Indian Game.

Get Rid of Burdock.

Any of the fields full of burdock? If this pest has a good start it will spread all over the farm by the end of another season. Easy to kill it. The burdock only lives a couple of years if frequently mowed off close to the ground, but the best way is to take an iron bar, drive it down deeply by the side of the root and pry the whole miserable thing out and burn it, root and branch. Every plant thus treated is dead and done for.

EDITORIALS

Opinions of Great Papers on Important Subjects.

UTILIZING THE SOIL

AMERICAN farmers are beginning to learn that old methods will not always fit new conditions, and that it is possible largely to increase their profits by intelligent study of scientific agriculture. Through the efforts of the government, aided by various railroads, thousands of farmers throughout the West have acquired a broader knowledge of their industry. Nevertheless much remains to be accomplished before they realize all the possibilities that lie in the soil. Men who, like James J. Hill, feel some solicitude in regard to the future of American farming, may be over-anxious. Their warnings, however, are too serious lightly to be set aside.

Experts declare that the United States will contain 200,000,000 people by the middle of the century. In view of the steadily rising price of farm products, this suggests serious question whether agricultural production will keep pace with the increase in the number to be fed. The solution undoubtedly lies in improved farming methods that will give the maximum productivity to every acre of land. As land becomes more scarce the demand for education along this line will steadily increase.

These conditions are responsible for development of the Department of Agriculture from an insignificant beginning to one of the most important and far-reaching departments of the government. The prospects are that it will assume even greater importance during the next twenty years. Some of the problems that accompany our rapid increase in population can be met through no other agency.—Chicago Journal.

ARE WE SPOILING OUR BOYS?

FORMER PRESIDENT ELIOT of Harvard recently spoke most emphatically of the very small percentage of boys coming from the larger, more expensive and fashionable schools who proved satisfactory students. A similar statement has been made by a member of the faculty of Yale. The experience of Princeton is the same. The boys from the high schools carry off honors out of all proportion to their numbers. And the names of the larger fashionable private boarding schools, with some exceptions, are conspicuous by their absence from the list of honors.

In regard to one limited group of families the tendency of many boys with the best chances in life to weaken their will power, by taking steadily in college the line of least resistance, can be measured against the statistics of its results.

The families entered in the "New York Social Register" as residents of that city may reasonably be considered as households whose heads are able and willing to give their boys the best chances in life. In five senior classes at Harvard, Yale and Princeton (not the last five classes) there were 166 sons of those families. At Yale College they formed 5.1 per cent of the total.



"Well, how did you stand it while I was away?" asked the iceman, as he dropped the ice into the refrigerator and turned to face the good-looking maid.

"Oh, have you been away?" she asked. "You must have had that chunk of ice with you all the time—the way it's dwindled."

"Have I been away?" repeated the iceman, in injured accents. "Well, what do you know about that? And me worryin' to death for fear you'd think somethin' had happened to me. Why, I've been away on my vacation, Maggie, an' you never missed me."

"Say, I've told you before about calling me Maggie," said the pretty maid, indignantly. "I don't see what license you have to think anybody'd miss you."

"You ought a been up there at the lake where I was," pursued the iceman, ignoring her gentle criticism. "That was all that was wantin' to make it perfect. We had a grand time, fishin' an' dancin' an' restin' in hammocks—for me that twelve months in the year if I could put it over."

"You must look swell in a hammock," retorted the good-looking maid, "and I'd give a lot to see you waltzin'—with them feet of yours. What was this—some sort of a insane asylum where they let you get into a hammock?"

"Not on your life!" said the iceman. "It was one of the swellest of these here lakes where all the folks go. Say, they didn't ever know I was an iceman while I was up there! I sh'd say not! You oughta see me in my Sunday bags some time—I'm one of the best, Maggie."

"You'll be wearing your Sunday clothes looking for a new job if you don't move along, won't you?" suggested the pretty housemaid. "Don't you suppose any of these people on your route have telephones? They'll all be calling up your boss and telling him to make that vacation of yours the real thing."

"Don't you ever fret about my losing my job," said the iceman. "I could grab another in twenty minutes! There ain't any too many icemen that have the trade I've got—and I can carry my trade with me, too!"

"Carry it along, then," advised the

girl. "Don't let me stop you for a minute! I've got a lot of things to do and I'm not going out of the kitchen and leave you here, with all that silverware on the table."

"I can't figure out why it is you like to knock me all the time," said the iceman, mournfully. "I've tried to be just as friendly with you as—anybody on my route. Honest, I have, Maggie."

"You don't mean to say that you go along this alley handing out this sort of talk at every door you stop at, do you?" demanded the good-looking maid. It's no wonder you never get around until afternoon with the ice! I'm surprised you haven't got a wagon load of water by the time you get here. Run along, now, and don't be tracking up my clean porch."

"Say, you won't get sore if I ask you something, will you?" asked the iceman.

"Depends on what it is," announced the housemaid.

"Well, I was going to ask you," said the iceman, "if you were going anywhere Sunday afternoon."

The pretty girl tossed her head and smiled at the calendar on the kitchen wall. What business is it of yours whether I am or not, Mr. Fresh?" she demanded.

"Well, I was only going to say," went on the iceman, "that I ain't been to none of these here amusement parks for a long time an' I was just thinkin' if you wasn't dated up for Sunday afternoon—"

"You got you're nerve, ain't you, asking me to go out with you?" said the housemaid. "Besides, I've got a date for then."

"Who is it—that big policeman?" asked the iceman, eagerly.

"Don't block up the stairway," said she. "If that big policeman should happen to drift around here right now they would have to take up a hospital collection in the icemen's union."

The iceman sighed heavily and lumbered away.—Chicago Daily News.

If you want to say a man hasn't much sense, say he doesn't know enough to turn around in a revolving chair.

Every lion hunter exaggerates the

membership of their classes; at Harvard College and Princeton, 2.9 per cent. A comparative test of their records at graduation yields some very striking results. It shows that, as a class, they are far below the average of their fellows in the ability or the willingness to make the most of their opportunities. And the same marked inferiority, as compared with the average student, appears in each of these institutions and in fourteen of the fifteen classes examined. The figures unquestionably indicate an average attitude, a general social drift.—Paul Van Dyke, in Scribner's.

FOREIGN RAILROAD INVESTORS.

PERHAPS one of the most significant indications of the faith that men of large affairs have in the continued prosperity of the country is the extensive borrowings of New York banks in European money markets. It is estimated that the American banks have sold their notes in London and Paris to the extent of \$400,000,000. This is remarkable when money is not scarce in New York and the rates of interest continue low.

The most plausible explanation is that this money is for the American railroads which are preparing to make extensive improvements in the near future in order to keep pace with the demands which it is expected the expanding commerce of the country will make upon them. It was Mr. Hill's prediction some time ago that before the railroads would be properly equipped again to do the transportation business of the country hundreds of millions would have to be expended in betterments. Indeed, the traffic of the country is swelling at a rate which threatens again to swamp the transportation facilities, which have not been materially increased since they proved to be so inadequate two years ago.—St. Paul Dispatch.

EASTERN AND WESTERN CITIES.

TWENTY St. Paul municipal officers and Council members, who have just completed a 3,000-mile trip through the East, make some interesting comparisons between Eastern and Western cities regarding different phases of municipal progress. They find, among other things, that the "City Beautiful" idea is more clearly developed and the movement more widespread in the East than in the West, and that the movement to advertise cities is receiving more widespread attention in the East, though the point is made that in most instances the movement is "hardly along the same practical lines as in the West." Allowance should be made, however, for difference of opinion as to what kind of municipal advertising really deserves the name of being practical. Eastern and Western ideas may differ widely on this point, and often for the best of reasons. The average Western city has different attractions to offer than its Eastern sisters, and naturally it adopts different methods to bring them to the attention of the country at large.—Springfield Union.

NAMES FOR FAST TRAINS.

One Road Offered Prize for the Most Attractive Title.

Some time ago an American railroad company offered a substantial prize for the most attractive title for its fastest train, and though none of those submitted was accepted, the ingenuity of the competitors was not undeserving of praise. Among those sent in were such titles as "The Republican Limited," "The Narrow Path Express," "The Liberty Express," "The Yankee High Flyer" and many others more or less good.

Although the novel competition practically failed in its purpose, says the St. Louis Post-Dispatch, it called attention to the picturesque and ingenious names which designate many of the important highflyers which run daily over American rails. There is no better known express in the world than "The Twentieth Century Limited" between New York and Chicago, doing the journey of 1,000 miles in twenty hours.

Another interesting and appropriate name belongs to an express on the Pennsylvania railroad, which runs daily from Philadelphia to New York, and which is known as "The Brides' Limited." This high flyer gained its name from the fact that ever since its inauguration last year it has not failed to carry at least one happy couple on a honeymoon trip daily.

"The Brides' Limited" is made up of three or four Pullman coaches, each bearing some title suggestive of its happy freight, such as Cupid, Hymen, etc., and the train is now extremely popular with newly married couples.

"The Green Mountain Flyer" is the famous Montreal express for New York and received its name from the beautiful green hills through which it runs on its daily journeys. An equally picturesque title is that of "The Sunset Limited," a Southern Pacific express which dashes daily toward that El Dorado of horticulturists—California.

"Who is it—that big policeman?" asked the iceman, eagerly.

"Don't block up the stairway," said she. "If that big policeman should happen to drift around here right now they would have to take up a hospital collection in the icemen's union."

The iceman sighed heavily and lumbered away.—Chicago Daily News.

If you want to say a man hasn't much sense, say he doesn't know enough to turn around in a revolving chair.

One of the most magnificent trains in the world is "The High Grass Limited," which runs from St. Paul to the Pacific coast, so called because in its journey it passes over much desolate prairie.

TELLS OF HIS FAMOUS HYMN.

Faces of Street Audience Gave Minister Inspiration for "Life Line."

Surrounded by a model of a Lyle gun, a piece of cable, life buoys, megaphone, wig-wag flags, tailboards containing instructions to sailors and two life ropes, the Rev. E. S. Ufford, of Rockland, Me., evangelist and author of the famous revival hymn, "Throw Out the Life Line," sat placidly among these mementos of fearful storms which have raged along the New England coast, in the Union station waiting for his train to Minneapolis, the Des Moines Register and Leader says.

The Rev. Mr. Ufford is an evangelist and this paraphernalia, which has been actually used in the rescue of sailors from wrecked vessels and was presented to him by captains of life saving stations at Cape Cod and Nantucket, is used by him in his evangelistic services to illustrate his sermons.

"I was aiding a pastor in East Boston one Sunday night in 1884, and when we were returning home after the service the subject of conversation turned on evangelists and hymns. I began thinking about a hymn that would reach the people. My father and grandfather had been choir leaders before me and I had been praying that I should write a song that would live long after I had passed away. On the afternoon of that Sunday I went to the village square and spoke to non-church goers. As I looked upon the faces of those about me—faces upon which were written the story of sin—they seemed to be like perishing men in the bilious of death. This must have suggested to me the inspiration for my version of the hymn. I returned to the parsonage, sat down and wrote the hymn at once.

"It has been often thought that I at one time must have been associated with seafaring men to give so vivid a picture as the lyric depicts, or that I had dashed off the stanzas after witnessing a wreck of some vessel. Neither surmise is correct. It is simply a mental picture which came to me a quarter of a century ago, vivid to be sure, but to which I added the color."

The Rev. Mr. Ufford is building a unique church by popular subscription and from the royalties received from his hymn. A large anchor is supported over the tower. The building is divided into two parts, an auditorium and a parlor. Over the rostrum is a painting by the noted artist, Charles C. Murdock, and represents Christ in the act of saving Peter from the waves. The frieze around the auditorium represents Columbus' caravels coming to America. The church is appropriately located at the corner of Water and Ocean streets in Rockland. Its study is in the church tower overlooking the bay.

"My church will be known as the Temple of Galilee, or the People's church, and will always be open to people of all creeds."

Wit of the Youngsters

Little Fred—Are you a lawyer like papa? Dr. Smith—Oh, no; I'm a physician. Little Fred—Then you are the man who goes to see sick people before they die.

Teacher—Now remember, Nellie, that anything you can see through is transparent. Can you name something that is transparent? Small Nellie—Yes, ma'am. A keyhole.

Little Edgar (aged 5)—Uncle John, did you used to be a little boy like me? Uncle John—Yes, Edgar. Little Edgar—Didn't you feel awfully queer for a few days after you got to be a man?

"Johnny," said a mother to an incorrigible youngster, "don't you know that your face is awfully dirty?" "Well, what if it is?" he rejoined. "The face of the earth is dirty, but nobody makes any fuss about it."

Small Harold—Papa, won't you please give me 5 cents? Papa—Not now. Run along. I'm very busy. Small Harold (holding his hands joined together)—Well, papa, just drop a nickel in the slot and see me go.

The Morning Chores.

Although he was pretty glad to take in summer boarders, and thus make capital of his small garden produce and his wife's excellent cooking, Jedediah Hubbard always made a great point of never letting his guests "get in ahead" of him in any way.

"City folks that have been around a mite think they know it all fun A to lizzard!" he used to say. "They need somebody to take 'em down a peg or two once in a while."

One morning while he was chewing a long spear of grass, near the wood yard, he was surprised to see a newly arrived boarder, fully dressed, coming toward him. This propensity of "city fellers" to rise at "sunup" was quite irregular.

"Good snoring!" exclaimed the newcomer, in a lusty tone.

"Morning!" responded the old man, as it uncertain just what to expect.

"Well, I s'pose you have to get up early to see that the haycocks crow properly, don't you?" said the city man, with an air, jocular familiarity which Jedediah was not slow to resent.

"Well, no," he drawled, "not exactly that—I was just out untangling some of the knots in the cordwood."

A man lately committed suicide. "I hear," said a brakeman, "that he swallowed a thirty-eight."

Minneapolis and St. Paul are known as the Twin Cities, and so it is only natural that the train which runs from there to St. Louis should be called "The Twin City Limited." The exposition at St. Louis, by the way, has been the means of giving titles to many new trains, among these being "The Exposition Limited," over the Grand Central.

One of the most magnificent trains in the world is "The High Grass Limited," which runs from St. Paul to the Pacific coast, so called because in its journey it passes over much desolate prairie.

FACTS IN TABLOID FORM.

The Zeppelin I weighed ten tons.

In Constantinople there are more than eight hundred mosques or temples.

Fines or imprisonment are the punishment in Prussia for keeping children away from school.

Count Zeppelin made his first ascent in 1900 and attained a speed of thirteen feet a second.

During the course of aeronautic experiments Santos Dumont altogether constructed fourteen airships.

English was spoken by 22,000,000 people at the beginning of the nineteenth century. Now more than 100,000,000 people speak it.

An eight-track swing bridge across the main channel of the Chicago drainage canal, near Thirty-first street, will be operated by electricity.

In Massachusetts tree planting is systematically conducted along the public highways. Fifteen thousand trees have been planted in a few years.

The Italian laborers who are constructing the electric railway from the Engadine to the Italian lakes get only 60 cents a day, and of that they manage to save something for their families.

Lord Strathcona, the veteran high commissioner of Canada, has returned home from London. He is 89 years old and holds the record as a transatlantic passenger, having crossed and recrossed more than 150 times.

John Pollen, president of the British Esperanto Association, bearing a green flag with a single star, which is the emblem of the association and signifies "Brotherhood and Justice Between Nations," recently arrived from Europe and will be entertained by the American devotees to that language.

Before sentencing a man at the London sessions to eighteen months' imprisonment for stealing a dog, the chairman said if he had stolen the collar which was less valuable, he could have been sent to penal servitude. There were twenty-one previous convictions against him, all for stealing dogs.

Winnipeg, Manitoba, is erecting twenty warehouses, factories and buildings, eleven schools and educational institutions, twenty business and office structures and twenty-two apartment houses, several of the latter costing about \$200,000. Since the first of the year about 1,700 fine residences have also been erected or are building in the city.

Students of the Crustacea often find the cod a useful assistant collector. Thus the circular crab seems to be a favorite food of cods and rays, and it was chiefly from the stomachs of these fish that some of the oldest naturalists obtained their specimens. Another hunting ground of the naturalist is the sailing ship which has been in foreign parts.

The oldest newspaper in Belgium is the Gazette van Gent, which received the privilege of printing the Gendtsche Post-Tydighen on November 17, 1666, and which has existed almost continuously since the first number was printed on Jan. 1, 1667. The oldest copy preserved is No. 69, of Sept. 8, 1667. The next oldest newspaper in Belgium is L'Indépendance Belge, in its eighteenth year.

Professor Charles Richet of Paris has devised a means for purifying the air in rooms. His apparatus is an air filter which mechanically sterilizes air. Very fine drops of glycerine are scattered along the walls of a cylinder containing a suction fan. Each particle of air drawn in by the fan is freighted with glycerine and hence tends to drop, thereby carrying with it the germs, dust and microbes with which it may be laden.

Twenty years ago J. P. Morgan, Jr., began working as a shipping

Women Who Doubt

the ability of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to cure female ills are requested to write to any or all of the women whose correct names and addresses are given below, and see what they say — you are not obliged to take our word for it — ask the women who know from personal experience that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound can and does cure female diseases.

Alabama. Goshen—Mrs. W. T. Dalton, Route No. 3.
Arkansas. Chester—Mrs. Ella J. Jones.
Connecticut. Willimantic—Mrs. Ella Donovan, Box 299.
Georgia. Ocilla—Mrs. T. A. Cribb.
Idaho. Adrian—Lena V. Henry, Route No. 3.
Illinois. Woodside—Mrs. John Johnson.
Indiana. Moizer—Mrs. Mary Ball.
Herrin—Mrs. Chas. Folke.
Burton View—Mrs. Peter Langenhan.
Chicago—Mrs. Alvina Spelling, 11 Lexington St.
Chicago—Mrs. William Tully, 465 Ogden Ave.
Chicago—Mrs. Harriet Janetzki, 3635 Lyman St., German.
South Bend—Mrs. Fred Certia, 1014 S. Lafayette.
Winona—Mrs. May Deal.
Indianapolis—Mrs. A. P. Anderson, 1207 E. Pratt St.
Lindley—Mrs. May Fry.
Vinecennes—Mrs. B. Jerauld, 508 N. 10th St.
Pendleton—Mrs. May Marshall, R. F. D. No. 4.
Dyer—Mrs. William H. Dyer, R. F. D. No. 1.
Indianapolis—Miss V. Piper, 29 S. Addison St.
Ligonier—Mrs. Eliza Wood, R. F. D. No. 4.
Iowa. Melville—Mrs. Clara Watermann, R.F.D. 1.
Kinsley—Mrs. Stella Gifford Beaman.
Keokuk—Mrs. Joseph Hall.
Bardstown—Mrs. Sam Lee, 3523 4th St.
Noah—Mrs. Lizzie Holland.
Louisiana. Montegut—Mrs. G. A. Laprouse.
Malone—Mrs. Henry Cloutier, 56 Oxford St.
South West Harbor—Mrs. Lillian Robbins, Mt. Desert Light Station.
Gardiner—Mrs. S. A. Williams, R.F.D. No. 14.
Box 39.
Rockland—Mrs. Will Young, 6 Columbia Ave.
Sabattus—Mrs. H. W. Mitchell, Box 3.
Maine. Portland—Mrs. W. S. Ford, 1938 Lansdowne St.
Hamptead—Mrs. Jos. H. Dandy.
Massachusetts. Roxbury—Mrs. Francis Merkle, 13 Field St.
Worcester—Mrs. Clara Cote, 117 Southgate St.
St. Michael—Mrs. Paul Paw—Emma Draper.
Detroit—Mrs. Louise Jung, 323 Chestnut St.
Scottsville—Mrs. J. G. Johnson, R. F. D. No. 3.
Detroit—Mrs. A. Predmore, 39 Crooks Ave.
Flushing—Mrs. Bur. Loyd, R. F. D. No. 3.
Tuxedo—Mrs. A. L. Lovell.
Stephenson—Mrs. Louis Beaudre.
Detroit—Mrs. Freida Rosenau, 554 Meldrum Av., German, Minnesota.
Minneapolis—Mrs. John Moldan, 2115 Second St., N.
The above names were selected at random from thousands who have been benefited by Mrs. Pinkham's famous medicine, and no reward whatever is given them for the use of their names. Ask them what they think of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Fierce Explosion at Danville, Ill., Attributed to Italian Feud.

Danville, Ill., Nov. 24.—Six buildings were completely wrecked, twenty-five partly wrecked, windows destroyed in more than a hundred, houses shaken and plate glass windows shattered in fully fifty business houses, as the result of a dynamite explosion in the fruit and wine house of Joseph Mascari, 11 College street. The losses will total \$40,000.

The police believe the explosion was a Black Hand attempt to destroy Mascari. The authorities say that fully fifty pounds of dynamite was exploded. Not a vestige of the Mascari building remains. It was a one-story struc-

ture of stone and wood. It was literally lifted from its foundations and pieces of it were picked up three squares away.

Tony Palmisano, son of a wealthy Italian fruit dealer, and competitor of Mascari, was arrested, charged with being concerned in the dynamiting. He is generally regarded as the head of the Italian colony in this city. Palmisano was subjected to a rigid questioning, but maintained silence.

Easton, Ind., Nov. 24.—Burglars who entered the postoffice here obtained \$150 in cash and between \$500 and \$600 in stamps, and escaped without leaving a clue.

Majestic Theater Thursday, Nov. 25

FRANK C. SCHMELZ PRESENTS

MANDY GREEN

Beautiful Pastoral Play in Four Acts Including Pleasing Specialties

A RIPPING, ROARING, ROUSING, RUSHING REMEMBRANCE OF CHILDHOOD'S HAPPY DAYS

Prices 25, 35 and 50 cents. Seats on sale at Miller's Book Store.



Series No. 5

Void after Dec. 7

DAILY REPUBLICAN VOTING COUPON.

ONE VOTE

Candidate _____

Address _____

Voter's name and address _____

This coupon must be clipped close to the margin, not rolled, mutilated, torn or wadded.

CONTEST EDITOR, THE REPUBLICAN.

K. of P. Oyster Supper.

The K. of P. lodge at Reddington will give their annual oyster supper in their hall next Saturday night. Arrangements will be made for all who come to enjoy a pleasant social time. Those going out from Seymour can go out on the 6:30 car and have a nice little walk of a dozen squares distance to the hall. Returning they can get a car at 9:30 or 11:26. The Reddington lodge has an enthusiastic membership of about eighty. They are entered in the REPUBLICAN piano contest and as their vote today indicates they will be heard from yet. They will take advantage of their opportunity while they have their neighbors together Saturday night to talk about their plans for winning a piano.

Judgment Given.

The case of W. M. Isaacs, administrator of the estate of the late George A. Robertson, against the I. & L. Traction Company, for damages, was settled Tuesday in the circuit court and damages given for \$2,500. It was alleged that Mr. Robertson was fatally injured in a wreck which occurred just south of Seymour several months ago, and that the wreck was caused by negligence in turning a curve at an excessive rate of speed.

More Trousers Missing.

William Fritz, of Bedford, who was sentenced in the circuit court at Brownstown Monday for the theft of a sample case in this city, insists that he took but six pair of the trousers. Mr. Milburn claims that he lost ten pair and there is a suspicion that some other person found the sample case here in the B. & O. yards and helped himself. The officers will make an effort to locate the other stolen goods.

From Seymour to Florida Without Changing Cars.

Through sleeping car over Pennsylvania lines leaves Seymour 5:55 a. m. and runs through to Jacksonsville via Louisville in "The South Atlantic Limited," arrives at Jacksonville next morning for breakfast. For particulars about the convenient through service, and tourist fares to winter resorts in the South, consult ticket agent, Jones. n24-27d1-3

Union Services.

The Thanksgiving union services will be held tomorrow evening at 7:30 o'clock at the First M. E. church. The annual Thanksgiving sermon will be preached by the Rev. F. M. Huckleberry of the First Baptist church. This is the first year that services have been held in the evening and a large attendance is expected.

Will Move To Seymour.

Roy Williamson, of Lancaster, has accepted a position as a car repair man here in the B. & O. yards. His family will move to Seymour the last of this week and will reside on E. Brown street. Mr. Williamson has been operating a well drilling machine for five years.

RAILROAD RUMBLINGS

Fireman L. L. James and Conductor Carroll Bush, who left for Needles, Cal., a few days ago, have returned home, having gone only as far as New Mexico. It is also reported that several other B. & O. railway men who started for California a few days ago will be back here in a short time.

Minister Acquitted.

The Rev. S. W. Toles, of Columbus, was acquitted by a jury today of the charge of assault. The assault was alleged to have occurred a few weeks ago.

Mrs. Mary Seppert returned to her home at Cincinnati this morning after an eight weeks visit here with her brother, Fred Weihe, Sr., and family near Peters Switch.

MARKET QUOTATIONS

Prevailing Current Prices For Grain and Livestock.

Indianapolis Grain and Livestock. Wheat—Wagon, \$1.16; No. 2 red, \$1.18. Corn—No. 2, 58c. Oats—No. 2, 41½c. Cattle—\$2.50 @ 6.35. Hogs—\$5.50 @ 8.15. Sheep—\$4.00 @ 8.15. Sheep—\$3.50 @ 4.50. Lambs—\$4.00 @ 7.50. Receipts—\$8,000 hogs; 1,550 cattle; 200 sheep.

At Cincinnati.

Wheat—No. 2 red, \$1.26. Corn—No. 2, 59½c. Oats—No. 2, 41½c. Cattle—Steers, \$3.00 @ 8.25; stockers and feeders, \$3.00 @ 5.60. Hogs—\$5.50 @ 8.15. Sheep—\$2.50 @ 5.40. Lambs—\$4.50 @ 7.40.

At Chicago.

Wheat—No. 2 red, \$1.24. Corn—No. 2, 64c. Oats—No. 2, 41½c. Cattle—Steers, \$3.00 @ 8.25; stockers and feeders, \$3.00 @ 5.60. Hogs—\$6.75 @ 8.10. Sheep—\$3.00 @ 4.25. Lambs—\$5.75 @ 7.00.

At East Buffalo.

Cattle—\$4.25 @ 7.00. Hogs—\$6.00 @ 8.15. Sheep—\$3.00 @ 5.25. Lambs—\$5.50 @ 7.30.

Wheat at Toledo.

Dec. \$1.21; May, \$1.23½; cash, \$1.21.

CAN'T BE SEPARATED.

Some Seymour People Have Learned How to Get Rid of Both.

Backache and kidney ache are twin brothers.

You can't separate them.

And you can't get rid of the backache until you cure the kidney ache.

If the kidneys are well and strong, the rest of the body is pretty sure to be in vigorous health.

Doan's Kidney Pills make strong, healthy kidneys.

Mrs. Fred Knoll, 130 McKee street, Greensburg, Ind., says: "I was feeling very miserable suffering from kidney trouble. I had no strength or ambition and was unable to sleep at night. I could not attend to my household duties on account of the severe backaches I suffered, together with sharp, shooting pains across my loins and hard headaches. My kidneys were very much disordered and their action too frequent, causing me to get up very often at night to void the secretions, which were also highly colored. After using Doan's Kidney Pills all these troubles disappeared, I have no more headaches, pains in the loins or headaches and my kidneys act regular. Doan's Kidney Pills cured me of all these ailments and I can recommend them to anyone who has suffered as I did."

Plenty more proof like this from Seymour people. Call at C. W. Milbourn's drug store and ask what Seymour customers report.

For sale by all dealers. Price 50 cents. Foster-Milbourn Co., Buffalo, New York, sole agents for the United States. Remember the name Doan's and take no other.

Auto Mystery Cleared.

Hammond, Ind., Nov. 23.—The Kanakake automobile mystery seemingly is entirely cleared. Information has come to Sheriff Grant that the machine belonged to a Chicago jeweler, who says that the machine was taken by two of his friends, who went on a "joy ride" unknown to him. They wrecked the machine and to erase all evidence of their guilt, decided to destroy it.

Won't Slight a Good Friend.

"If I ever need a cough medicine again I know what to get," declares Mrs. A. L. Alley, of Beals, Me., "for after using ten bottles of Dr. King's New Discovery, and seeing its excellent results in my own family and others, I am convinced that it is the best medicine made for coughs, colds and lung trouble." Every one who tries it feels just that way. Relief is felt at once and its quick cure surprises you. For Bronchitis, Asthma, Hemorrhage, Croup, LaGrippe, Sore Throat, pain in the chest or lungs it's supreme. 50c and \$1.00. Trial bottle free. Guaranteed by Andrews-Schwenk Drug Co.

Horses Dying of Lockjaw.

Mayfield, Ky., Nov. 22.—Farmers from the country continue to report a number of cases of lockjaw among the stock. There have been several fine horses to die of this trouble, and quite a number are now afflicted with it. Veterinary surgeons are being kept busy treating cases of this kind.

Lived 152 Years

Wm. Parr—England's oldest man—married the third time at 120, worked in the fields till 132 and lived 20 years longer. People should be youthful at 80. James Wright, of Spurlock, Ky., shows how to remain young. "I feel just like a 16-year-old boy," he writes, "after taking six bottles of Electric Bitters. For thirty years kidney trouble made life a burden, but the first bottle of this wonderful medicine convinced me that I had found the greatest cure on earth." They're a godsend to weak, sickly, rundown or old people. Try them. 50c at Andrews-Schwenk Drug Co.

Lost in New York.

New York, Nov. 23.—The police have sent out an alarm for Curtis Walton, a young Cleveland architect, who has been missing for about ten days. He disappeared from this city Saturday, Nov. 13.

Smashes All Records

As an all-round laxative tonic and health-builder no other pills can compare with Dr. King's New Life Pills. They tone and regulate stomach, liver and kidneys, purify the blood, strengthen the nerves; cure Constipation, Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Jaundice, Headache, Chills and Malaria. Try them. 25c at Andrews-Schwenk Drug Co.

Sugar Trust Reaching Out.

Manila, Nov. 23.—Agents of the sugar trust have purchased 55,000 acres of land in Mindoro province, which they intend to develop immediately. The land is partly cultivated.

Kills to Stop the Fiend

The worst foe for 12 years of John Deye, of Gladwin, Mich., was a running ulcer. He paid doctors over \$400.00 without benefit. Then Bucklen's Arnica Salve killed the ulcer and cured him. Cures Fever-Sores, Boils, Felons, Eczema, Salt Rheum. Infallible for Piles, Burns, Scalds, Cuts, Corns. 25c at Andrews-Schwenk Drug Co.

Seymour Business Directory

AUTO REPAIRS.

We handle all automobile supplies, also storage and repairing. Smoke stacks, tanks and heavy iron work done. Founders and engine and boiler repairing. R. F. Buhner, cor. High & Circle Street.

BISH MILLING CO.

Millers of Soft Winter Wheat. We grind one million and a half bushels each year. A home product guaranteed to be the best. Bish Milling Co., Seymour, Ind.

BIG MILLINERY SALE.

Trimmed hats from \$1.00 up. Everything at from one-third to one-half less than regular price. Nothing reserved. Everything goes at these prices. Mrs. E. M. Young.

COAL AND FEED.

A yard full of the best brands of hard and soft coal. Full line of feed meal &c. Will exchange wheat and corn for flour or meal. G. H. Anderson, Seymour, Ind.

COAL AND KINDLING.

Dealer in Plymouth coal, also Pittsburg Campbell's Creek, Linton, anthracite and other kinds of coal. Prompt delivery at right prices. Phone me your order. H. F. White, Seymour, Ind.

COAL, LIME AND TILE.

All kinds of coal and lime, Portland cement, plaster, clay and fire brick, sewer pipe, tile, etc. Get our prices before you buy. New Phones, 8 and 60. Mrs. A. W. Mills.

CONTRACTOR AND BUILDER.

Building, contracting, plumbing, heating and masonry. Will figure on any work wanted. W. A. Wylie. Phone 380. Residence, W. Broadway.

DODDS RESTAURANT.

Come here for a good lunch. Fresh oysters and ice cream. A nice line of chocolate candies. Best brands of cigars. Come in and eat. Thornton Dodd, Prop., Seymour.

DRUGS, PAINTS AND OILS.

We fill your prescriptions just as the doctor orders with the purest drugs. Standard patent medicines, paints, oils, window glass and sundries. A. J. Pellems, Seymour, Indiana.

FERTILIZER MANUFACTURER.

All kinds of high grade animal fertilizer; also, sulphate and murate of potash and nitrate of soda. Dead animals removed within 18 miles of Seymour. Phone, Residence, Old & New, 338. Factory, Old, 189. F. F. Buhner.